

#11

\$1.25

STAR★REACH



the
Daggered
into the
rotine



14 November 1977
Oakland, CA

The Great Friedrich Scheme for taking over the world continues. 1978 is going to be yet another landmark year.

The biggest excitement is that starting with our next issue we will be starting our long-awaited move into color stories. This is a very expensive project and so we have to move slowly. We will be starting out first with an eight-page color section (along with 32 pages of black and white stories), though naturally our hopes are to increase the color pages as soon as we can. A couple of full-color comics (32 pages each) are also in the works for release sometime in the spring.

This will be the highest quality work we can afford. I've been looking with a great deal of envy for too many years now at the quality of color comics being produced in Europe (particularly France) and it's been a major ambition to someday match that quality. Well, "someday" is near.

Simultaneously with the release of STAR*REACH # 12 will be the first issue of a new anthology magazine called IMAGINE. I'll tell you more about it when it actually comes out, but I will say now that it's going to be the same quality you see here in STAR*REACH (with many of the same S*R contributors in fact). IMAGINE will also feature a color-story section.

I hope I don't give the impression I'm overlooking what's currently in your hands, as I'm again pleased with our line-up this time. I'm particularly glad to re-introduce Gray Lyda, whose one story in STAR*REACH # 6 has been singled out by many as one of the most imaginative stories printed in this magazine. He starts off a four-part time travel serial this issue called "Tempus Fugit" and I'm hopeful it brings in the same kind of positive response as his previous contribution.

Lee Marrs continues on her steady growth curve with the beginning of an irregular series titled "Stark's Quest", situated in the same world as her "Headtrips" story in STAR*REACH # 7. Lee brings a unique creative perspective into her work that I find particularly enchanting. With each story she seems to do a little better at getting that perspective down on paper for us all to share.

Gene Day is another regular contributor whose work seems to steadily improve with each submission. I was a little hesitant at first to accept the "Samurai" story since it had a lot of similarities to the "Bushy" story we printed a few issues back, but Gene made it unique enough to get thru.

I must confess as of this writing I haven't seen the latest installment of "The Sacred and the Profane", but I'm confident that Dean and Ken won't let me or you down.

There are more interesting developments in the works for the coming year, but I think I'll space out their announcement.

Oh, yeah, for the record, I have received a letter from "Star Wars" director George Lucas in response to my editorial in STAR*REACH #9. His letter reads in part: "Just so you'll know, I didn't even read STAR*REACH #1 until after my return from England in 1975 where I had been shooting the picture. The first draft of "Star Wars" was written in 1973, a good year before the first issue of STAR*REACH was printed."

I'm not interested in making any more a deal out of this matter, so I'm gonna leave it here.

George went on to say he thinks STAR*REACH is "great", which is very kind. I still feel the same way about his movie, having just seen it for the third time in (catch this, the kid's movin' up:) Paris, with French sub-titles. There they call the villain "Dark Vader" and translate the giant space station as the "Black Star". Tres fou, no? Still, "Que la force soit avec toi" has a certain . . . ring to it.

All for now. See you next time.

Mike Friedrich



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Address all inquiries to Star*Reach Productions.

Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read, returning no return postage and I'll be crashed.

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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.



Our situation has become more extraordinary than I could have ever imagined possible. I am afraid we are being compelled to confront the forces humanity was never meant to acknowledge. The deep and delicate truth evades me now more than ever.

Saint Catherine's has sustained such awful damage and dismemberment. I deplore my earlier anxiety now as irreverent and perilous. My action could have been so much more effective had I only taken advantage of myself. My faith is no weaker than Joshua's, or Bishop Brock's. I could have served the Mother Church had I not fallen victim to the savage monotony of our journey.

The fundamental exercise of survival is now called for. Had I ever doubted my religion, I can never doubt my humanity. Still, these things are synonymous, and call for a more appropriate style of commitment.

The disaster in St. Matthew's Chapel has left me fearfully alert. I thank our Lord Jesus Christ that my presence of mind did not desert me in the ensuing struggle. I was fortunate.

Bishop Brock was not. His injuries are critical. I offer my every prayer for him. The Reverend Mother, though badly hurt, will endure. She is a strong woman indeed. The acolyte, David, and myself suffered the slightest of injuries.

Perhaps Joshua's heroism holds less for me than I cared to believe. A warrior is limited by the nature of what he is. Joan of Arc did not praise fighting. But she fought.

the
Sacred
and the
Protane

© 1977 dean molter/ken steacy

ellocutio: plague fugues

author
Dean Motter

illustrator
Ken Steacy

Mother Anais is resting comfortably.
Doctor, how is Bishop Brock doing?

Well, he is much worse
off than the Reverend
Mother. I don't think
it would take much
to drop him into
a coma...

It's going to be a
long night, sister
Mariana. Better
get us some coffee.



Can I talk to
you, you
eminence!

Of course!
Of course,
come in.

Well, uh— Cardinal... I'm scared.
I mean really scared, I...

David, I won't lie to you. St.
Catherine's is in a very
perilous situation. Tomorrow
we may all be dead. Every-
one is scared, my boy.
Some of us are quietly
frightened, others are
frantic. But everyone is
terrified.

But... I mean, what's
going to happen?

We are going
to pray, David.
That is our most
effective weapon
at the moment.
However we are
not going to
ask God for aid,
we are going to
demand it. Do
you understand?

I think so.

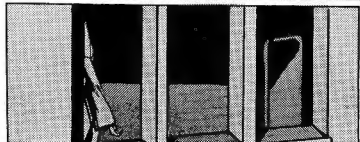
We're scared,
our humility
is strained.
Pray with me,
David. Will
you do that?



The Lord
be with
you...



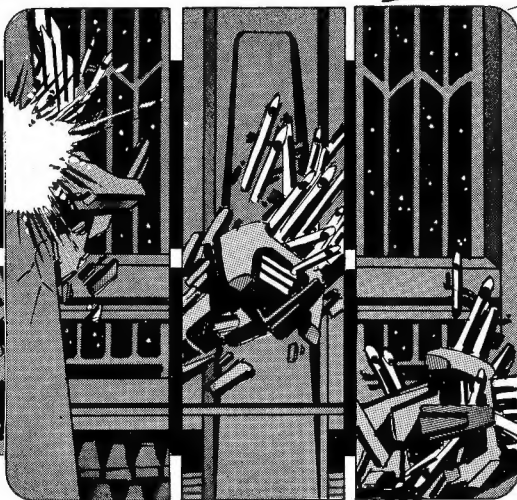
Thank you,
your grace.



Cardinal!



David!

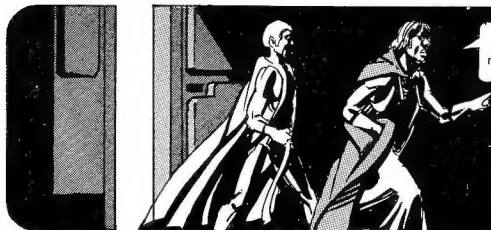


Another hit...
Sanctuary area
this time...



There go the lights...

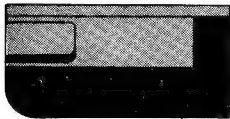
Get Franklin
up here.

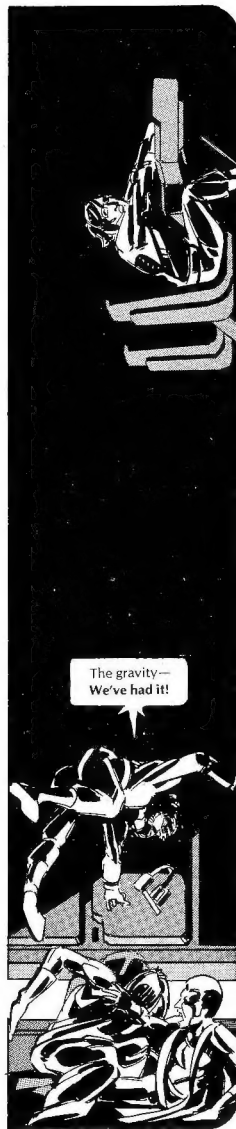


This does not look
good! Give me a
mobility reading, Victor!
Victor!

00.0 across the board. We
are being held in a dead
orbit around the object.
It's natural gravity is
very strong. That's
21,000 at less than one
per cent. We're just a
satellite, now.









Uh—damage; crucial. Magnitude, positions—it's off the scale. We've a ninety-six per cent power loss on all lines. Gravity synthesis—completely blown.



Life support, lighting and monitor systems; all on emergency programs. That's it. The Ship's gone.

My God.

Now, stay calm everyone. Don't move, Michael, I want a readout on that status program, quickly!



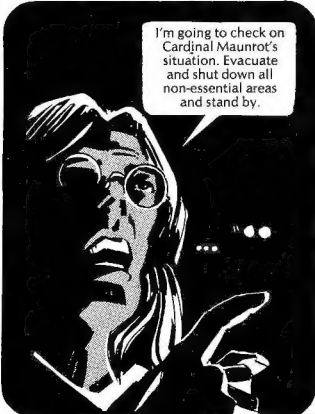
Give me the Cardinal.

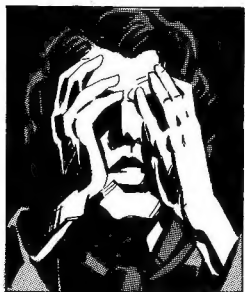


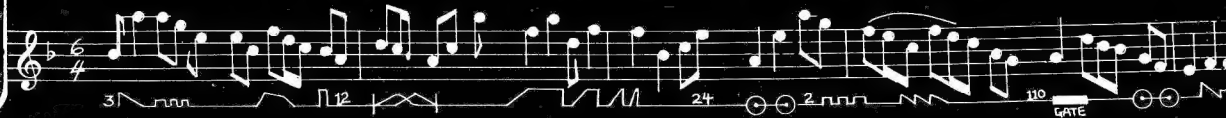
I can't. That part of the ship shows all power, communication and support lines disconnected.

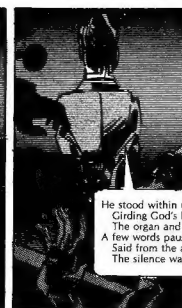
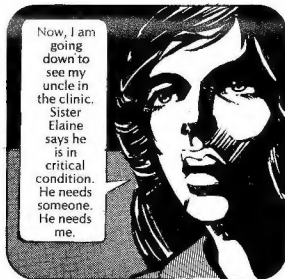
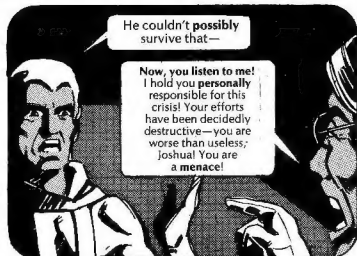
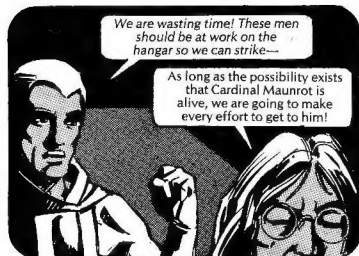
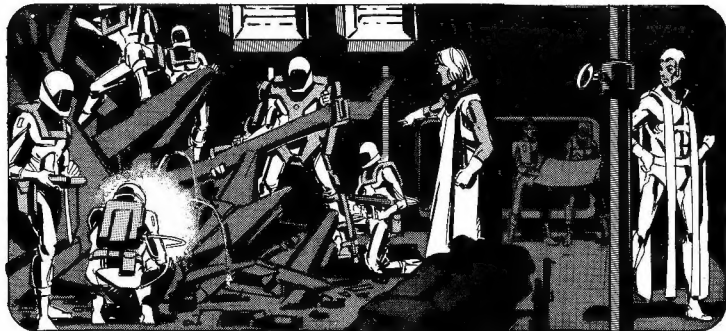


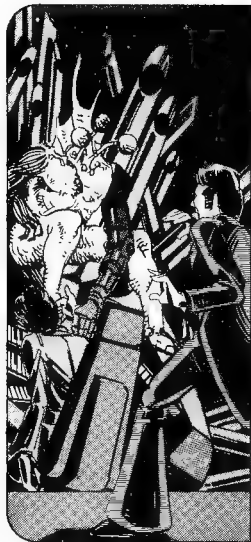
I'm going to check on Cardinal Maunrot's situation. Evacuate and shut down all non-essential areas and stand by.

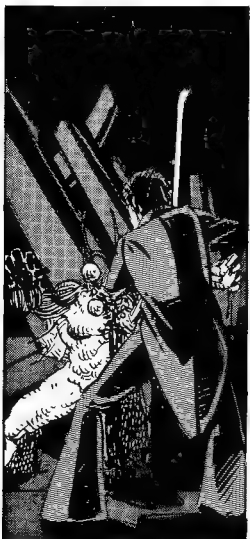
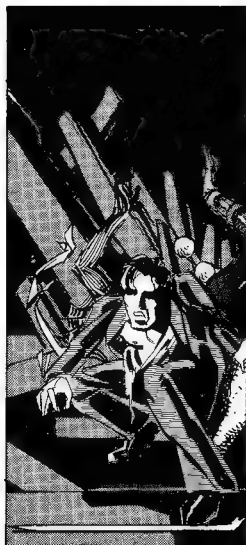
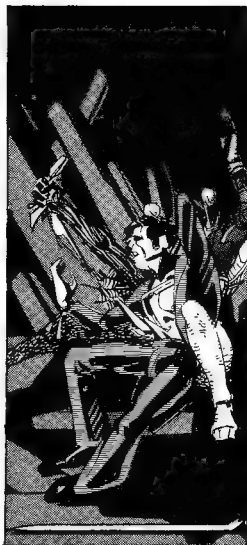


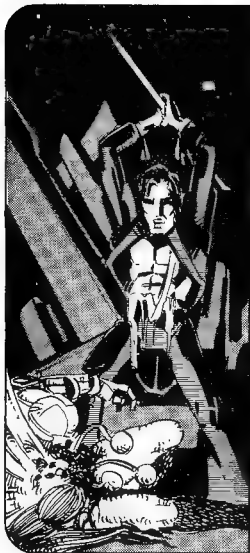












You silly little Man! I have just saved your life! Are you mad?



You self-righteous buffoon! I had it! Do you see John Mills over there? Do you see what it's **done** to him? Do you understand?

You are crazy! You've paraded around this ship in your pseudo-Victorian bangles for so long you actually **believe** it! You're deluded— did you think you were **deuling**? Fool!



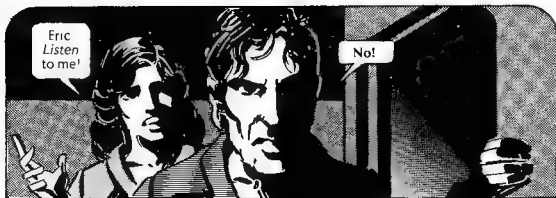
Damn you! Damn you to Hell!



What a pathetic character! Can you—?



— Joan?



Eric
Listen
to me!

No!



Please, Eric
I understand
But you must
calm down.
If you crack,
we will
all be—

Spare me, Miss
Brock! Just—
spare me!



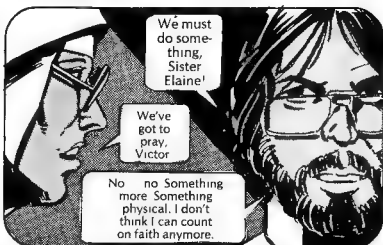
No! I under-
stand I
really do!
Please— ?

No you don't!



Mind
some
company?

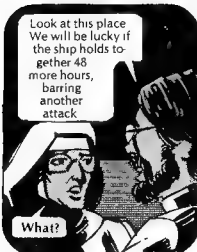
Not at all



We must
do some-
thing,
Sister
Elaine!

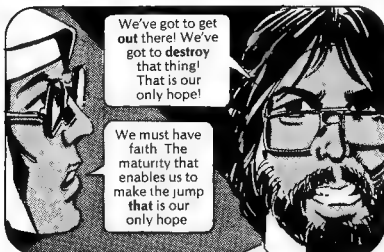
We've
got to
pray,
Victor

No no Something
more Something
physical. I don't
think I can count
on faith anymore.



Look at this place
We will be lucky if
the ship holds to-
gether 48
more hours,
barring
another
attack

What?



We've got to get
out there! We've
got to **destroy**
that thing!
That is our
only hope!

We must have
faith The
maturity that
enables us to
make the jump
that is our
only hope



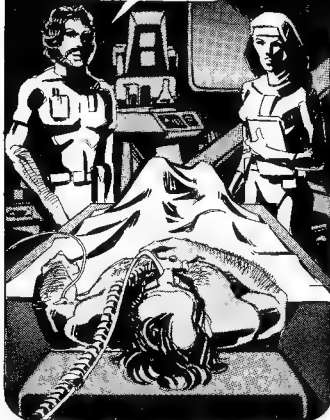
I don't believe
that. We are at
the mercy of
those manekins
out there

We are
also at
God's mercy

I am afraid that last shock did it. He was suffering from six broken vertebrae, four broken ribs, multiple lacerations, a severe concussion and a 20 percent collapsed lung. He has gone into a coma now, and he's hemorrhaging. I think we will have to operate, Sister.

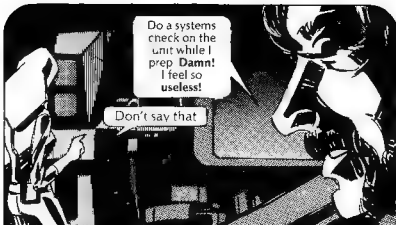
I don't know if the L S C unit will function now, it's been thrown around very badly.

I know. I know, but if we operate without it, he doesn't stand a chance.

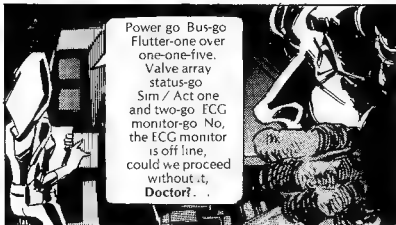


Do a systems check on the unit while I prep. Damn! I feel so useless!

Don't say that.



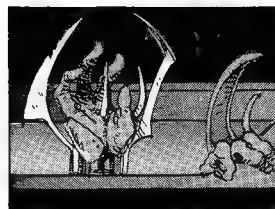
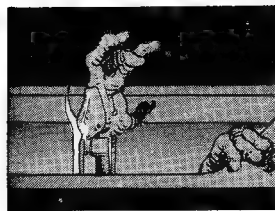
Power go. Bus-go. Flutter-one over one-one-five. Valve array status-go. Sim / Act one and two-go. ECG monitor-go. No, the ECG monitor is off line, could we proceed without it, Doctor? . . .

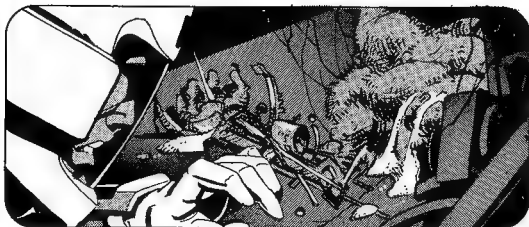


Doctor!







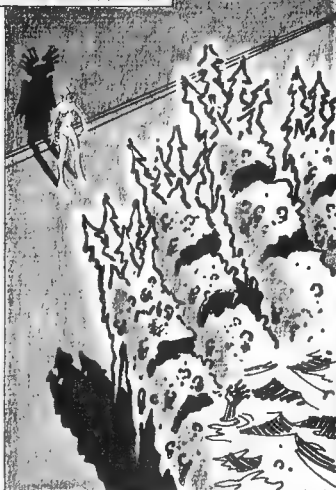


continued next issue

FOCUS! CONCENTRATE ON MY HAND! FOCUS!



STIFLING LIGHTS...
HEAT... WHERE...UH...



THAT'S IT. FOCUS ALL YOUR
THOUGHTS ON MY HAND !!



WH-WHAT?

YOU CAN SEE NOW, RIGHT? DOC,
IS SHE FULLY CONSCIOUS? EH?



IT'S AN INNERGRO FETISH.
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

LASZLO, SHE REGISTERS
AS FULLY CONSCIOUS...
BUT SHE COULD BE A
VEGETABLE. THIS WOMAN
IS THE FIRST WARTER
WE'VE EVER BROUGHT
THROUGH THE CONFORMITY
PROCESS. SHE MAY BE...



IT'S DISGUSTING
TO LET EVEN ONE
OF THEM LIVE!

A LAD, THAT'S WHERE I AM. CAN'T MOVE. TRAPPED! HOW DID I GET HERE?

STARK'S QUEST

TALE ONE: THE SENSOR

©1977 LEE MARRS-



HOW DO YOU FEEL, STARK?



ONE HOUR LATER

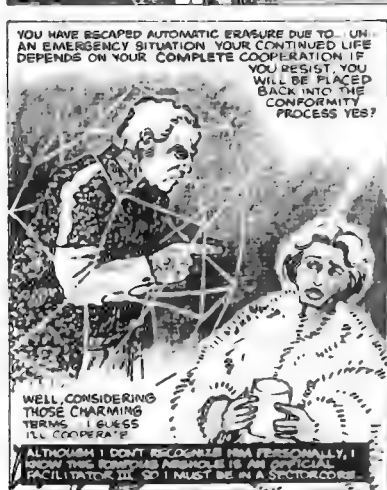
YOU'RE SURE
WE'RE SAFE
IN THESE
FORCE
FIELDS?



YES, THERE'S NO
WAY SHE CAN TRY
TO READ OUR
MINDS. JUST RELAX.

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
WHO AM I? HOW DID I?

YOU HAVE ESCAPED AUTOMATIC ERASURE DUE TO AN
EMERGENCY SITUATION. YOUR CONTINUED LIFE
DEPENDS ON YOUR COMPLETE COOPERATION. IF
YOU RESIST, YOU
WILL BE PLACED
BACK INTO THE
CONFORMITY
PROCESS. YES?



WELL, CONSIDERING
THOSE CHARMING
TERMS, I GUESS
I'LL COOPERATE.

ALTHOUGH I DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM PERSONALLY, I
KNOW THIS BODILY ASSHOLE IS AN OFFICIAL
FACILITATOR III. SO I MUST BE IN A SECTORCORE.

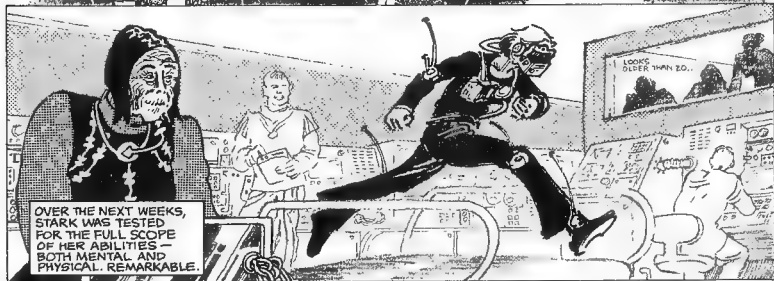
AH, LET ME OFFICIALLY "CONGRATULATE" YOU, ON THE
BEHALF OF THE CENTRAL CORE OF THE UNITED SECTORS,
FOR THE RESILIENCE YOU HAVE EXHIBITED, STARK.
ALTHOUGH WE ARE DETERMINED TO RID THE WORLD
OF YOUR MINDWARPERS, WE CANNOT BUT ADMIRE
YOUR TENACIOUS HOLD ON LIFE. WELCOME INTO OUR
SERVICE, SENSOR 1128 STARK.



"MINDWARPERS" = PERSONS WITH EXTRASENSORY
AND TELEKINETIC ABILITIES. I'M A WARRIOR!

I HAVE BEEN
ASSIGNED
THIS PROJECT.
DR. 47 VEGAR
AND I WILL
DIRECT YOUR
EVALUATION.

I DON'T NEED TO
READ HIS MIND.
TO SENSE HIS
INTENSE HATE...
AND... FEAR?



OVER THE NEXT WEEKS,
STARK WAS TESTED
FOR THE FULL SCOPE
OF HER ABILITIES—
BOTH MENTAL AND
PHYSICAL. REMARKABLE.



THEIR HATRED KEPT
HER SILENT ABOUT
THE FULL RANGE
OF ABILITIES SHE
RETAINED. 1123
NEEDED EVERY
EDGE TO... ESCAPE!



BUT PATIENCE AND SELF-CONTROL HAD NO EFFECT ON
HER RECURRING NIGHTMARES—VISIONS OF DECAY, DEATH.

THERE, THERE. YOUR DREAMS ARE PROBABLY A
HANGOVER FROM THE CONFORMITY PROCESS.
ALTHOUGH AN EFFECTIVE CURE FOR THE
MENTALLY ILL, THE PROCESS BRINGS DEATH
OR MADNESS TO ALL MINOWARPERS. SINCE
YOU ARE THE FIRST TO SURVIVE, I'VE LEARNED
WE AREN'T CERTAIN OF OTHER SIDE EFFECTS.



WHY IS SHE TELLING ME THIS?
I SEE NO HOSTILITY IN HER, BUT...

YOU SEE, 'LLEVEN... I KNOW YOU CAN'T REMEMBER. AT TIMES I HAVE SEEN IN YOUR FACE THE SAME BLEAK LOVELINESS I'VE TASTED. THE PAIN... WELL, DEAR, ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU, I WILL. HERE IS YOUR BIO FILE.



REMEMBER: WARPERS HAVE NO EXCLUSIVE CLAIM TO SENSITIVITY.

FILE ZÆ 3//7-7111"8

name 1128 stark des mix-fem-mw.
arrest sector cougar physfit center
5/9/3 prof physfit instructor
age 20 hgt 13 wt 46 aura b e grn m on
abode orange level 798-sector owl
mated 4/7/6 q100 t'sin issue 1000



sale res n
res u
n trng



NOTHING STIRS.
NO MEMORIES.
TOTAL BLANK.

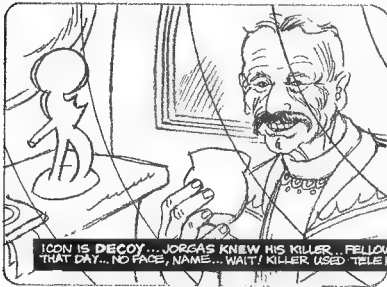
SENSOR STARK, WE NOW FEEL CONFIDENT THAT YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH OUR GOAL: TO FIND THE KILLER OF CENTRAL CORE'S CO. CHAIR, JORGAS! HE WAS MURDERED IN THE MIDST OF CONTROVERSY OVER MINDWARPERS SUPPRESSION LAWS.

FOR THE SECURITY OF CENTRAL CORE, THE UTMOST SECRECY WAS SURELY NECESSARY. OUR COMPUTERS STATED THAT OVER 75 INVESTIGATORS WOULD BE NEEDED, OR ONE COOPERATIVE WARPERS. OUT OF WARPERS RECENTLY ARRESTED, YOU WERE CHOSEN TO BE OUR DETECTOR. WE THEN MERELY ADJUSTED THE CONFORMITY PROCESS A LITTLE.

TELL ME, FACILITATOR LASZLO: WHAT DO I GET OUT OF THIS... DEAL?

YOU HAVE ALREADY ESCAPED THE MOST INTENSE PROCESS. WE MAY LET YOU SURVIVE A LITTLE LONGER.

THANKS!



LOOK—WHY DON'T YOU GIVE A FROLIC? A MEMORIAL FOR JORGAS, TO SPARK THE FUTURE SUCCESS OF HIS EFFORTS. I CAN COME AS A GUEST AND TAP MINDS UNAWARES.



EXCELLENT IDEA! EVEN IF THE KILLER IS ONE OF US HERE, HE/SHE MUST COME, AND CANNOT WEAR A FORCE FIELD OR BE REVEALED!



THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY



I COULD ESCAPE NOW, BUT I GAVE MY BOND TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS, SO I SHALL—UP TO A POINT, ANYWAY AS WELL...

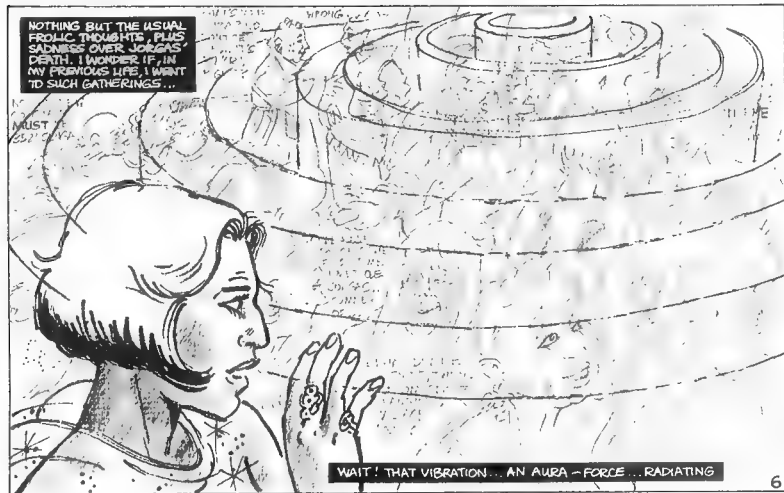


I GET NO COMPLAINTS, 112.8 STARK.



HARMONY TO YOU. YOUR HOME IS CALMING.

STABILITY TO YOU. YOU MUST BE THE NIECE OF THE FACILITATOR LASZLO.



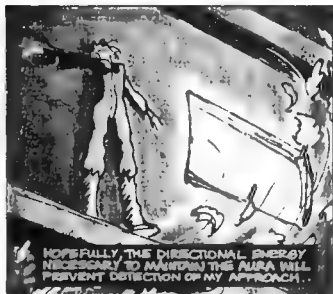
NOTHING BUT THE USUAL FROLIC THOUGHTS, PLUS SANNERS OVER JORGAS' DEATH. I WONDER IF, IN MY PREVIOUS LIFE, I WENT TO SUCH GATHERINGS...

WAIT! THAT VIBRATION... AN AURA—FORCE... RADIATING



THE AURA LEADING TO THE LEFT. IT MUST BE DIRECTIONAL - A WARPER DEFENSE? IF ONLY I COULD RECALL...

I'LL HAVE TO GO AROUND - OUTFLANK THE DEFENSE.



HOPEFULLY, THE DIRECTIONAL ENERGY NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN THE AURA WILL PREVENT DETECTION OF MY APPROACH.

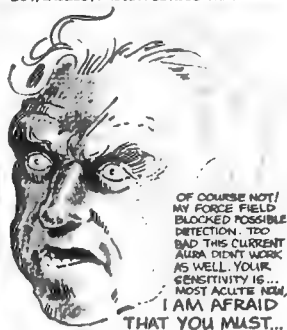


7



LASZLO!

BUT, LASZLO, I NEVER SENSED THAT...



OF COURSE NOT! MY FORCE FIELD BLOCKED POSSIBLE DETECTION. TOO BAD THIS CURRENT AURA DIDN'T WORK AS WELL. YOUR SENSITIVITY IS... MOST ACUTE NOW, I AM AFRAID THAT YOU MUST...

...DIE!



SUCH HATRED... OVERWHELMING... DEEP



WH-WHAT..



NO!!



CAN'T BREATHE!





IF YOU'RE A WARPERS,
WHY KILL JORGAS?
HE WAS FOR THE
WELFARE OF
WARPERS...



YES! THE FOOL! MY FRIEND! BUT HE HAD TO DIE!
HE WOULD HAVE EASED THE POGROM, ALLOWED
THE PERVERSED TRASH TO LIVE OPENLY, IN
CAMPS - MARRYING! FILTH! DISASTER!!

THOUGH I AM ONE OF YOU-MY
LIFE IS AN ATONEMENT FOR
MY CURSE: TO DESTROY
ALL WARPERS!



YOU'RE TELLING ME... YOU HATE
YOURSELF SO... THAT YOU
DESTROY FELLOW WARPERS...

DESTROY MY CURSE!
KILL ME... NOW!
RELEASE ME...



YES!
DESPISE
MYSELF!
THE CURSE
MUST BE
DESTROYED!

NO! IT'S NOT DEATH I BRING... PERHAPS
IT'S HOPE. OPEN NOW... RELAX, AND...





WHERE ARE YOU, LASZLO?



I AM IN THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.
I CAN DO ALL SORTS OF SECRET
THINGS NO ONE ELSE CAN DO...



SECRET THINGS, LASZLO?

CRACK!

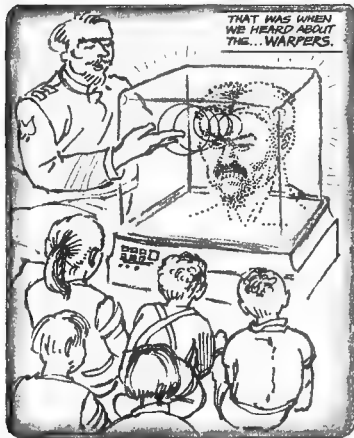
YES. I CAN MOVE THINGS
WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM.



BUT THAT'S BAD! THE SPONSOR
GETS MAD AND BLAMES THE
OTHER, BIGGER KIDS...



ONE DAY I GOT MAD AND PUSHED 2516 WORK
DOWN...FROM THE NEXT ROOM. HE HIT HIS
HEAD AND DIDN'T WAKE UP! NOBODY SAW ME
AT ALL. I GOT REALLY SCARED AND STOPPED.



THAT WAS WHEN
WE HEARD ABOUT
THE...WARPERS.

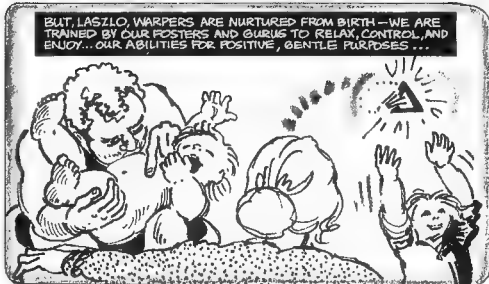


THEY ARE HORRIBLE DEMONS, DOING EVIL THINGS...



WHO
DID
THIS?!!

THEY LOOK JUST LIKE US, WALK AND TALK LIKE US, BUT
CAN SNEAK INTO OTHER PEOPLES' HEADS. ANYTIME!!



BUT, I WASN'T LIKE THE OTHER WARPERS...
NO... I WOULD USE MY POWER FOR GOOD—
TO DESTROY ALL WARPERS!



IN MY OWN CHILDHOOD
I WAS TRAINED BY...UH...
TALL, WARM, OHH...
NO, A BLANK STILL.



LASZLO, WE MUST MOVE
DEEPER TO ROOT OUT
YOUR SELF-HATRED, IN...
INTO YOUR INNER CORE!



YOUR POWERS ARE
YOU - A PART OF
YOU NATURALLY -
EVERYTHING COMES
TOGETHER INTO A
WHOLE - NEVER A
PERVERSION!



NO! EVIL! FILTHY SLIME!



DIE, YOU LOATHING OF SELF!



BORN OF IGNORANCE AND PAIN,
YOUR DAYS ARE OVER! YOU HAVE
RUN YOUR COURSE! NOW YOU MUST
WITHER AND DIE!



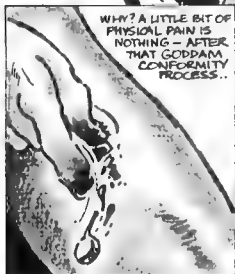
YOU DETERMINE
WHAT YOU SHOULD
DO NEXT. I MUST
GO AS SOON AS
I REMOVE THIS
IMPLANT.



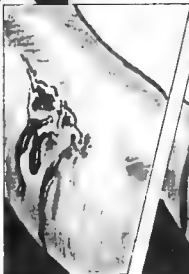
RIP!



NO! WAIT!
YOUR
ARTERY!



WHY? A LITTLE BIT OF
PHYSICAL PAIN IS
NOTHING - AFTER
THAT GODDAM
CONFORMITY
PROCESS...



WHAT?!



MY
GOD!
NOT EVEN
A SCAR!
YOU'VE
HEALED
YOURSELF!

NO! DON'T JUMP!

TELL DR. VEGAR
THAT... I'LL
ALWAYS RECALL
HER WITH...
SENSITIVITY.



THE BUILDING'S CRACKS
SHOULD WORK WELL TO...



FREE AT LAST!



FREE... HAH! TRAPPED IN MY OWN
AMNESIA... LOCKED IN. NO PAST TO
FILL MY NAME. BUT, I WILL TRY.
I WILL REMEMBER. I'LL FIND
MYSELF.



THE WORDS OF KOKURA
SHINTO, ONE'S WARLORD
MASTER STILL RING
LOUDLY WITHIN ONE'S MIND...
"GO FORTH, YAMO TASAKI,
AND MEET THE STRANGER
WHO COMES FROM THE
NORTHERN ISLANDS IN
SEARCH OF YOUR MASTER...

"GO FORTH... BRING
ME HIS HEAD... SLAY
HIM IN MY NAME..."



MY NAME ... INDEED A
GRUESOME JEST. ONE'S
FATHER HAD **DIED** FOR THE
NAME OF THAT FAT, SPINELESS
MONARCH, SHINJO-- AS HAD
ONE'S UNCLAS AND COUSINS
SAMURAI ALL

ALL HAD PERISHED TO
PROTECT THE HONOR OF A
NAME THAT POSSESSED
NO HONOR... UNTIL ALL
THAT REMAINS OF ONE'S
ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY IS
BUT YOU ALONE.

YAMO TASAKI --
LAST OF THE...

SAMURAI 士



NORTHWARD ONE GOES TO MEET THE **STRANGER**.
NO, NOT TO UPHOLD THE NONEXISTANT INTEGRITY OF A
FAT BUFFOON, BUT TO REPUTE THE NAMES OF ONE'S
PERISHED ANCESTORS. -- **NORTHWARD** --

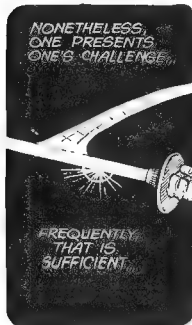


THE
STRANGER
COMES.

TALL AND PROUD, HE BEARS DIRECTLY UPON ONE
IN THE HEAT OF THE NOONDAY SUN. A CHILL
TWISTS ONE'S SPINE.



NONETHELESS,
ONE PRESENTS
ONE'S CHALLENGE...



FREQUENTLY
THAT IS
SUFFICIENT.



... THERE
WILL BE
RETREAT...
AND THUS
NO DEATH
STRUGGLE...



THE STRANGER,
HOWEVER, PAUSES...
UNIMPRESSED.

INSTEAD OF
RETREAT, HE
CHOOSSES TO
ATTACK--



FOR A BRIEF
INSTANT, ONE
GLIMPSES
HIS SOUL...

MEANT TO UNNERVE
ONE, THE VISION
IS SOMEWHAT
SUCCESSFUL...

FROM WITHIN, ONE'S
ANCESTORS CRY OUT,
SINGING THE DEATH DIRGES
OF ONE'S LINEAGE...



FOR ONE SENSES THE STRANGER'S
STAFF IS A WAND OF DOOM... ITS TOUCH
WILL KILL INSTANTLY, THE COMBAT
PROGRESSES IN SILENCE...



AND THEN,
FOR THE BRIEFEST OF
MOMENTS...

--AN OPENING IN YOUR
ENEMY'S GUARD, ONE'S
BLADE SCREAMS--
THE DEATH STAFF IS
SHATTERED!



ONCE MORE THE
PHANTOM VOICES OF
ONE'S ANCESTORS
RING OUT... THIS
TIME IN A ROAR
OF TRIUMPH!





ON THE SHORES OF THE SUO GULF
STANDS THE CITADEL OF THE WAR-
LORD, KOKURA SHINJO-- MASTER
OF THE LOWER LANDS...

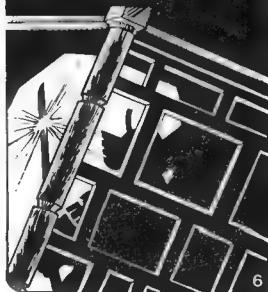
OFTEN IN THE EVENINGS, SHINJO
WITHDRAWS TO HIS PRIVATE
CHAMBERS TO FEED NIGHTENGALES
AND PONDER ANCIENT PROVERBS--
HIS FAVORITE PASTIMES...



HOWEVER,
THIS
EVENING...



... HIS CONTEMPLATIONS
ARE HEIGHTENED
BY A VISITOR...

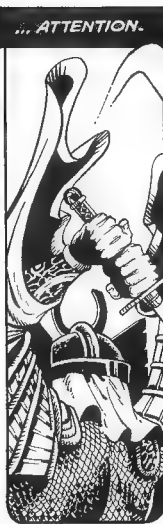




-- BEARING
GIFTS...



WHICH BRIEFLY
BRINGS A
PROVERB TO
SHINJO'S...



... ATTENTION.

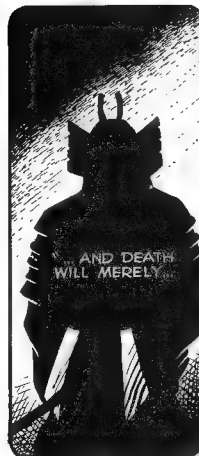


TWOK
VERY BRIEFLY!

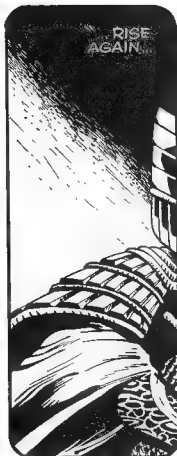


“NONE CAN ESCAPE DEATH WHEN
IT DECIDES TO COME-- NOR
CAN ONE SLAY IT.

FOR STRIKE DOWN
ONE VISION OF IT...



... AND DEATH
WILL MERELY...



RISE
AGAIN.



IN A
CHANGE



OF COSTUME

END

I AM ultra Eniräm Artlu ○○○●
A MEMBER OF THAT FEARED & HONORED RACE
THAT HAS BEEN EMERGING IN RECENT DECADES

ULTRA 

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF US,
AND CONSIDERED THE NEWS DISQUIETING---

YOU MAY EVEN HAVE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF US,
AT ONE PERPLEXING MOMENT,

AND BEEN SURPRISED TO PERCEIVE
THAT WE TRULY EXIST---

AND YOU MAY HAVE WONDERED IF THE THINGS THEY SAY
ARE TRUE AS WELL●

YOU HEAR ABOUT OUR SUPPOSED MYSTERIOUS ORIGINS,
ABOUT OUR ABSOLUTE KNOWLEDGE OF THE UNIVERSE,
OUR APPARENT EXTRAORDINARY ABILITIES,
OUR ENIGMATIC BEHAVIOR,
OUR FEARED INFLUENCE.

YOU HEAR THAT WE MAY BE THE **NEXT STEP**
IN THAT UNALTERABLE PROGRESSION OF **EVOLUTION.**
HOMO NOUVEAU, THEY ENJOY CALLING US.

AND YOU HEAR ALSO THAT NO ULTRA
(or **HOMO NOUVEAU**, however you may regard us)
HAS EVER CONFIRMED OR DENIED THESE THINGS

 I AM ULTRA ●

● & how is it that you are privileged (or galled)
to read the words of an **ULTRA**?

WHEREVER YOU ARE, WHATEVER TIME OR PLACE, PAST, FUTURE, OR BETWEEN,
BE AWARE THAT THIS IS

A DOCUMENT OF RARE IMPORTANCE,
A CHAPTER IN MANS' RELENTLESS ATTEMPTS
TO TAME TIME,

A SAGA OF TECHNOLOGY IN CONTINUANCE...
But, in addition, this is basically just A JOURNAL FOR

THE
FIRST MANNED TRANSPEDITION
TO A FORMER EON

AND I, ULTRA ENIRÄM ARTLU, AS AN ESTEEMED MEMBER OF THIS DARING TEAM,
WILL PROVIDE COMMENTARY THRU-OUT OUR MOMENTOUS EXTEMPORATION.

I WAS INFORMED THAT I HAVE A TOTALLY FREE HAND IN THE CONTENT AND FORMAT
OF THIS LITERARY EPIC. I WAS PLEASED TO BE INFORMED OF THIS; IT WAS
AN ATTITUDE THAT COINCIDED PERFECTLY WITH MY PREVIOUS INTENTIONS.

AND SO, AS MY COMRADES WATCH ON WITH IMPATIENT RESPECT,

I FEEL COMPELLED TO IMPROVISE A TITLE FOR THIS CHRONICLE.

AND DECLAIM THAT WE'VE JUST BEGUN:

Mankinds' First Jaunt

As Seen by an Innocent Victim

Thru Time ●

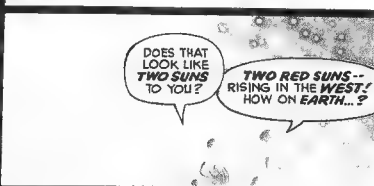
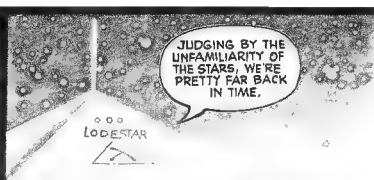


>OUT ONE ERA & IN THE OTHER>



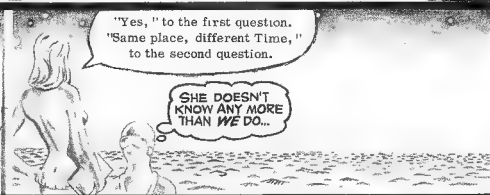
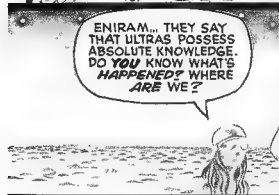
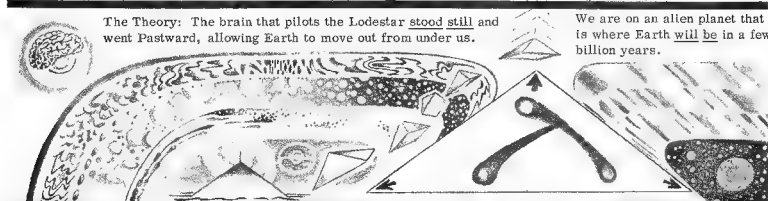
Off we went, and here we are. We arrived at night, splashing down in a world that is nothing but water. The atmosphere is thick, humid and hot, but breathable. As-

sembling certain clues, the homo sapiens decide that this is not the Earth! Startling as this may seem, they have come up with a fine theory to explain the miscalculation:



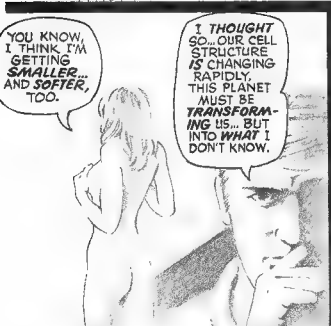
The Theory: The brain that pilots the Lodestar stood still and went Pastward, allowing Earth to move out from under us.

We are on an alien planet that is where Earth will be in a few billion years.



This is a virgin world, as yet untouched by the peculiarity of life. It is a world of spectacular gold and red shadows, crystal clear air, and vast unbroken expanses. The only sounds are those of the gently lapping waves and the grim noises of the characteristically per-

plexed humans. There are too many suns for them, confusing their traditional sense of night and day. Soon they lose track of time. Consequently, time has lost track of them. . . .



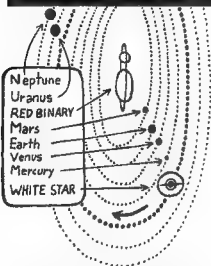
SHE'S **UNCHANGED**... BUT LOOK AT **US**! HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN HERE?

TOO LONG...

VACHEL... VACHEL! I DISCOVERED SOMETHING. WE'RE ON **EARTH**!

WHAT!?

COME HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU.

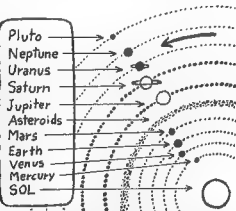


Six planets and one sun orbit dying red giants. When the Binary's mass wanes, the white star gains hold and the planetary orbits gradually reverse direction.

LOOK! I MATCHED UP **THIS** TRINARY SYSTEM WITH **OUR** SOLAR SYSTEM. THAT'S **OUR** SUN, VACHEL. **THIS IS EARTH** WE'RE ON, THREE OR FOUR BILLION YEARS BEFORE OUR TIME.

JUPITER AND SATURN WERE ONCE THOSE **RED STARS**. THE SKY DOESN'T LEAVE RECORDS OF ITS PAST... NOBODY COULD KNOW.

The dead suns' cosmic debris disperses through the system, leaving satellites, asteroids, rings, comets and Pluto to find new orbits. The white sun becomes yellow as it matures.



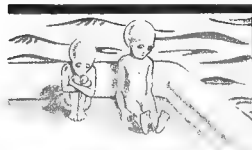
THIS IS EARTH? THIS HAS **ALWAYS** BEEN EARTH? THEN... WE CAN GO **HOME**! BACK TO THE 22nd CENTURY!

RIGHT! I'LL CHECK THE CONTROLS.

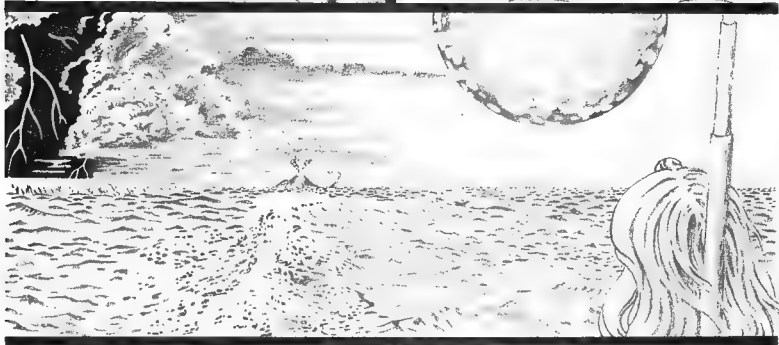
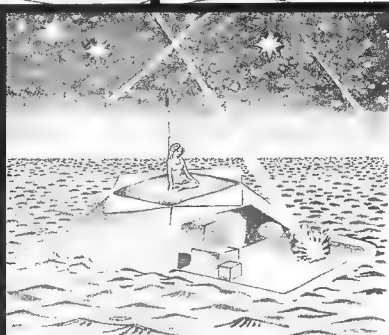
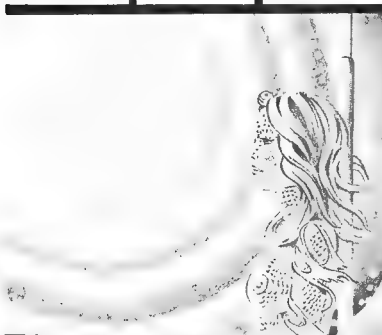
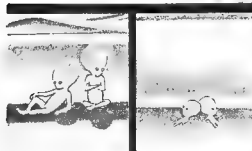
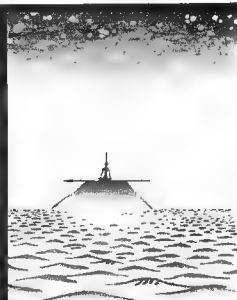
VACHEL, I'M AFRAID WE'RE NOT GOING **ANYWHERE**... OUR BODIES HAVE CHANGED **TOO MUCH**... AND SO THEN HAS THE **CONTROL BRAIN**. IT'S INOPERABLE. WE'RE STUCK.

The forces of change have claimed the humans. They continued to dwindle until at last they merged with the sun and sky. Alone, now, I must attempt to fulfill my purpose, but this mortal body cannot survive forever. I will join with the control brain, transfer my life force into it. Together, we can withstand a portion of eternity.

Centuries pass, stretching into millennia. Jupiter and Saturn shrink and die, while the Sun becomes the golden master of the solar system. The moon arrives, nearly colliding with Earth as it joins her orbit. Continental plates heave and shift. Immense tidal waves churn, tugged by the moon...I endure, and patiently I wait....

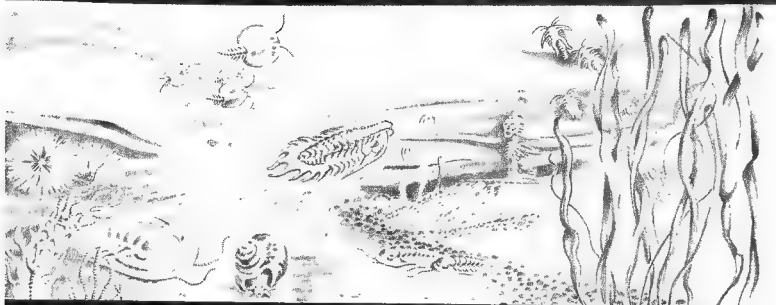
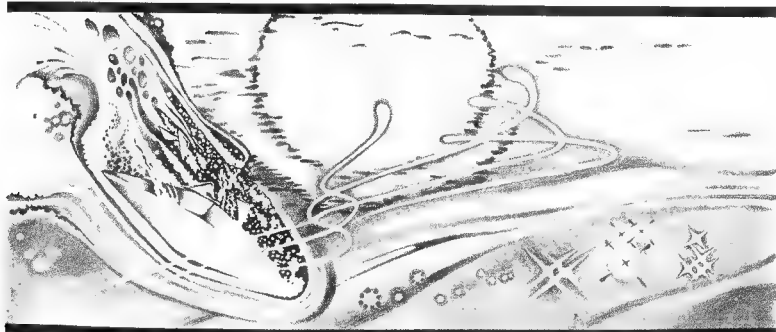


Farewell, comrades. Your journey has ended, but mine has only begun.



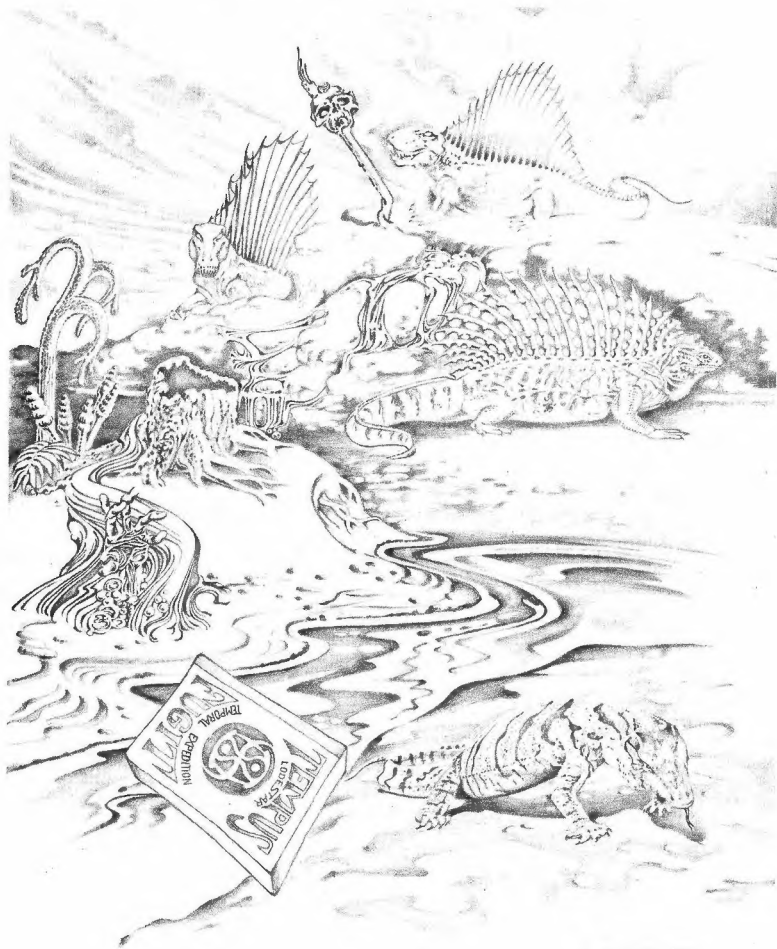
Finally the Lodestar is washed under. The first fleeting experiments in self-animation have begun beneath the waves. Eons pass and my body succumbs, but I am safe within the protected shell of the brain. Gradually, haltingly, life progresses in complexity and the everchanging wonder of it is good for my tired spirit.

The water is eventually sucked away by an ice age, leaving me on dry ground. The air is rich and vital. I draw sustenance from it but I feel the weight of time. It is heavy, yet I continue--my awareness persists--and still I wait....



Everything has its limits. I have stretched mine as far as I care to. I am weary, and the shell encasing the brain is weakening. Soon it will contain me no longer,

and again I will feel brief movement and strength. I bequeath my thoughts to those who will follow. Time for me is ending...at last, it is ending.



END CHAPTER ONE
TO BE CONTINUED

IMAGINE IF YOU WERE GOING TO START A COMICS COMPANY
FROM SCRATCH... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



PHOTO: TONY READING FOR

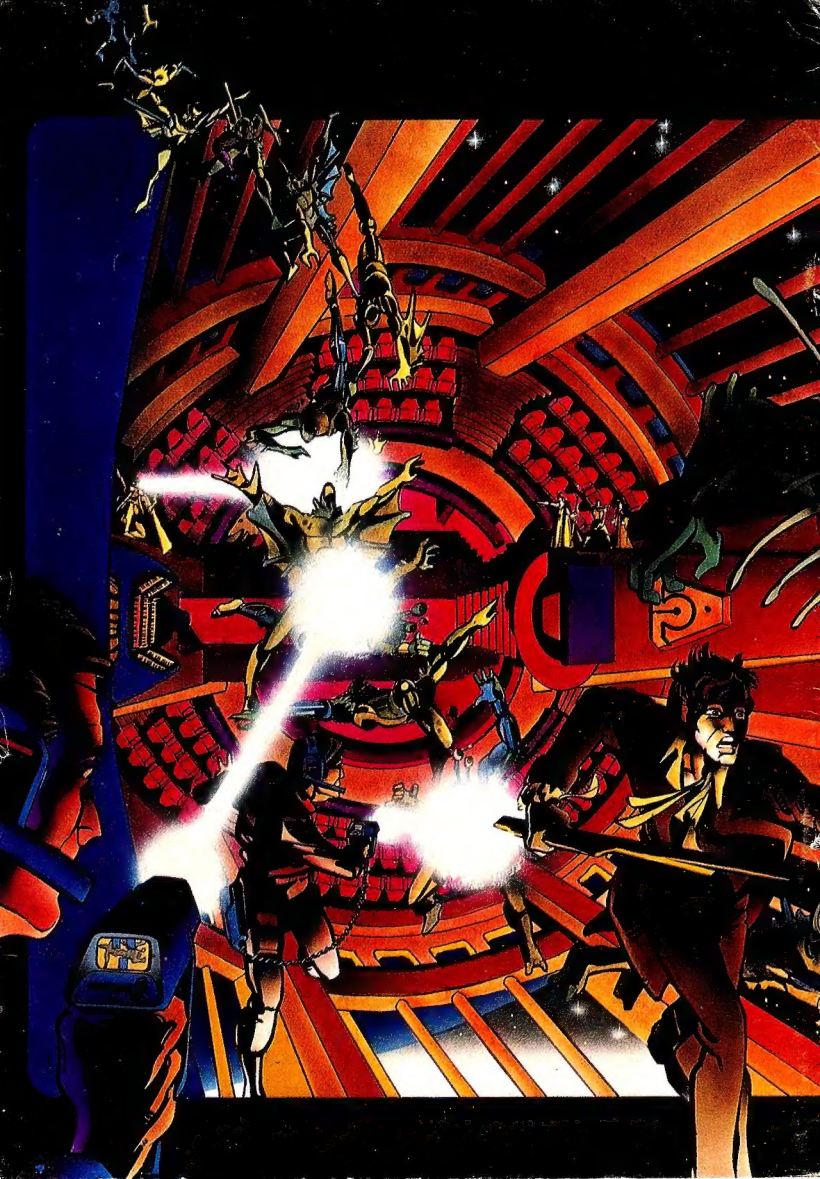
Well, folks,

STAR*REACH
IS DOING ALL THIS **NOW!**

STAR*REACH No. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11.....\$1.25 (ea.)
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 1-2-3.....\$3.00 (set)
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with the
volume